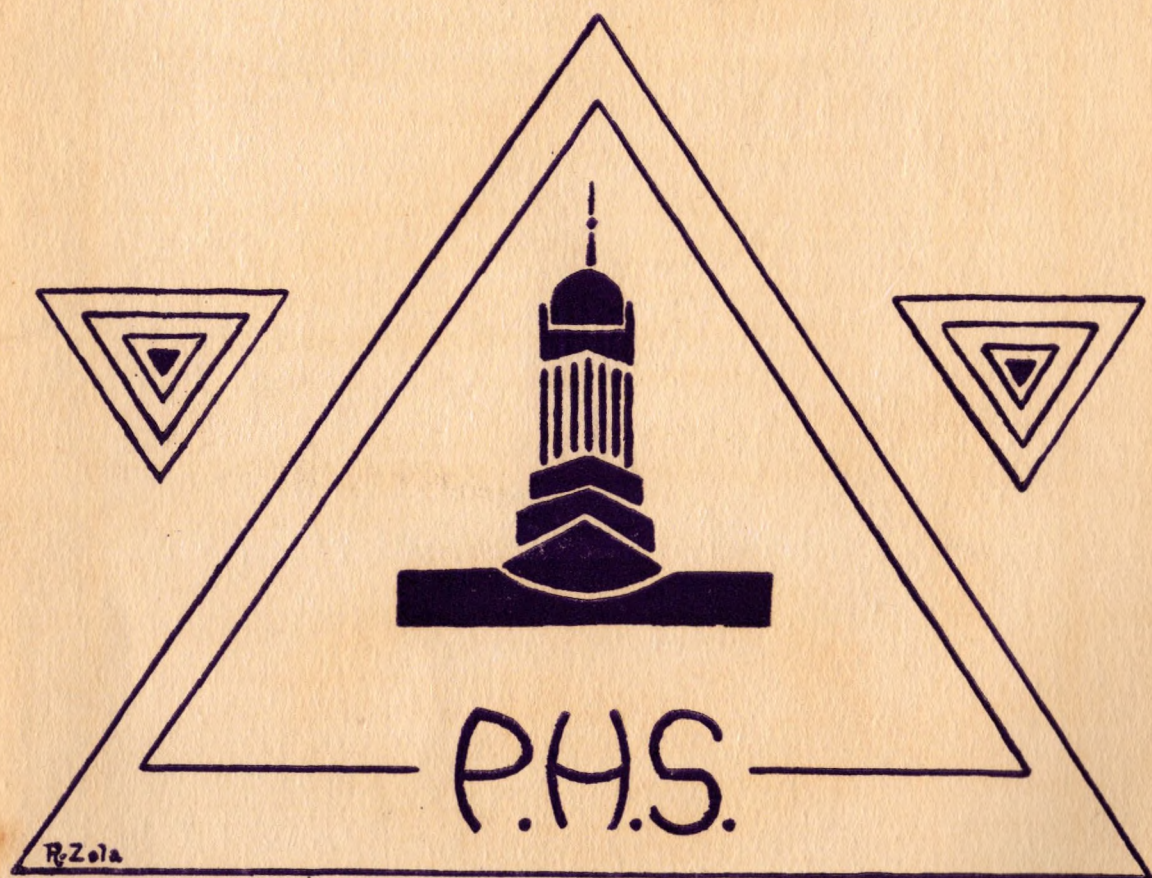


THE Student's Pen



MAY, 1937

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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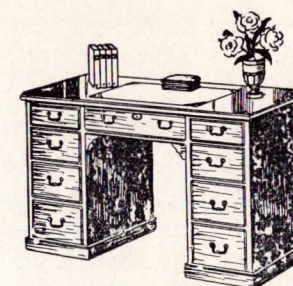
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THE SENIOR PLAY CAST

On the Editor's Desk



APPLIED PATRIOTISM

By Betty Mitchell

IT is all very well for us to set aside one day in the year to honor the patriots of our country; it sounds very nice to hear school children say, "I pledge allegiance to the flag—"; most of us have thrilled at the sight of soldiers marching by in a parade; but this isn't real patriotism. True loyalty to our country is expressed by the things we believe, and do, and say.

What are some of the ways that high school students can show their loyalty? It isn't necessary that we lead a battle, or go out and get shot for our country, or even become spies. Our encyclopedia tells us that the great patriots of the world are the unnumbered common people. "Great men are like comets, sweeping now and then across the sky and startling us by their dazzling light; but the people are like the stars that shine forever and ever."

As far as our beliefs are concerned, the point that needs to be emphasized is learning *what* to believe. We mustn't swallow whole the story of how our country is going to ruin at the hands of unscrupulous politicians; neither must we take the attitude toward our

country that a child takes toward his favorite toy—mine's much better than yours.

Beliefs should be based upon reliable information. Thus, to be a good citizen, one must be interested in his country and try to seek out the truth about what goes on within its boundaries.

Our history and English classes enable us to express the opinions we have formed on current events. It is good practice to tell our thoughts in this way. All our lives we shall have to put across to other people what is in our own minds. At some time or other, every one of us feels strongly enough about some subject to want to influence others to feel as we do. If the cause is a good one and its fulfillment betters his country or the world, the one who helps it along will be a patriot.

So, you see, all of us can become a little like Paul Revere or Betsy Ross if we try. Because THE STUDENT'S PEN feels that P. H. S. has many loyal future citizens within its walls, it is trying out a new column which will give them a chance to express their views on what is going on in the world today. This column makes its first appearance on the following page.

STUDENT OPINION

SIT-DOWN STRIKERS—PHOOEY!

Strike at the steel foundry! Sabotage in the cotton mill! Sit-downers taking over the Ford plant! Newsboys are yelping such phrases incessantly these days. Thrilling? No, disgusting. Such actions were cute in the beginning, but now they are developing into the worst drawbacks industry can have. The backbone of American business shattered because the very people who depend upon it sit back and continue to be obstinate and selfish!

Let us hope that strikes will soon be done away with so that the obstacles in the path of real prosperity will be decreased to a minimum.

Jackson Cook

THE TEACHER'S OATH LAW

This Teacher's Oath Law is designed to keep communistic influence out of the schools. Since there is only a negligible amount of communistic teaching in our schools, and since this law infringes upon the liberty and rights of teachers and educators, I believe that the Teacher's Oath Law of Massachusetts should be repealed.

Richard England

THE SUPREME COURT

As far back as Montesquieu it was deemed necessary clearly to define and separate the three branches of government. If any two or all three were in any way dominated by one single person, democracy would be superficial. This is just as true now as it was then.

However, the way must be made clear for progressive social legislation. If there is an obstacle in the way, let us remove it fundamentally through amendment, not by having a Supreme Court at the beck and call of each succeeding president.

Ashton White

THE MECHANICAL FRANKENSTEIN

We have no thoughts of war in America. We would hate to think of the loss of life which war would involve. Yet we allow to go unrestrained the "mechanical Frankensteins" which snuff out the lives of people day in and day out at an alarming rate. Why then, do we not stalk these ugly beasts by educating the public to the doctrine of careful driving?

Benjamin Newman.

THE SPANISH WAR

The Spanish War is a disgrace to our civilization. It is a bloody revolt that is being fought so that some men may fulfill their greedy desires for power, rather than that an oppressed and down-trodden people may better themselves. It has now progressed to the point where there are more foreigners fighting than Spaniards. The one good thing that may result from this war is that people may become sane again and perhaps take measures to avert the next war.

E. Reder

CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

America, the world's richest nation, allows its children to be enslaved in field and factory, while millions of men lack employment.

In the sweatshop and dismal tenements of our larger cities literally thousands of young children toil far into the night in poor light, in badly ventilated and unsanitary rooms for wages as low as one dollar a week.

This is in the cities, but similar if not worse conditions exist in the agricultural regions of the United States.

This is what the Child Labor Amendment is trying to end, and I, for one, am highly in favor of that amendment.

Dwight Barnes

DEMONSTRATION DELIA

By Lillian Walsh

IT was two weeks since the Carruthers had moved away after selling part of their furniture and bequeathing their maid-of-all-work, Delia Discoe, to their next-door neighbors, the Lennoxes.

"And I hope," had laughed Mrs. Carruthers, in departing, "that you will enjoy Delia as much as we have. My husband concocted a nickname for her, but I'll let you find out what it is."

Enjoy Delia! Young Mrs. Lennox had never heard such a peculiar expression in regard to a maid. You didn't *enjoy* a maid; you *employed* her, and sometimes you *liked* her, but to *enjoy* her! Well, she would see! And her nickname? Delia had been with her two weeks, and still her mistress could not think of a nickname which would suggest itself, as Mrs. Carruthers had insinuated.

"Delia!" she called.

"Ma'am?" Delia's bright red head and smiling face appeared in the doorway.

"Delia, what did Mr. Carruthers used to call you?"

"Just Delia, ma'am. What else would he call me, ma'am?"

"Did he ever call you by a nickname?"

"No, ma'am. Just Delia."

Mrs. Lennox sighed. She would have to wait to see what would turn up to suggest a nickname, but the flame of her curiosity burned brightly.

"Please, ma'am, while we're talking, the vacuum cleaner won't work."

"I know, Delia," and Mrs. Lennox sighed again. "That Mr. Brown who has always done our work is in the hospital for a few days, and I hate to give the work to someone else."

"That's all right, ma'am, I'll get along. May I use the phone, ma'am?"

"Yes, Delia." Whom could Delia be call-

ing? Some people didn't allow their maids to use the phone, but *she* didn't mind. Delia had been so good-natured about the vacuum cleaner.

That evening when she returned from her bridge club, the floors were spotless, every rug as bright and clean as if it were new.

"What a maid!" thought Mrs. Lennox, gratefully. "I hope she won't ask for a raise."

Then she thought of the washing before Delia the next morning. Extra company that week had made extra laundry which she could not send out; embroidered lunch cloths, napkins, fine towels, and other handmade things.

"Delia," she said after dinner, "there is quite a large washing for you tomorrow, things that are too fine to send to the laundry, but," hurriedly, as Delia tried to speak, "I'll give you an extra afternoon off to make up for it."

"Oh, that's all right, ma'am," said Delia, placidly. "I'll manage. And I don't care about the extra afternoon off."

Mrs. Lennox's eyes opened with amazement as she returned to her husband in the library. "I'm afraid she's too good to be true. She didn't mind about the extra washing, and she didn't want the extra afternoon!"

"She likes it here and wants to please you," suggested Mr. Lennox, looking up from the evening paper. But Mrs. Lennox shook her head. Maids, according to her experience, were not like that.

All the next morning she wondered, until she seemed to feel a thump-thump in her head from so much thinking. Was it in her head or was it coming from the kitchen? She went out to investigate.

"Delia!" she called, as she opened the door, then stopped.

There was Delia, looking down at a bright,

new washing machine in which the Lennox wash was bobbing merrily about in creamy suds. On the other side of the machine was a tall, energetic young man, sleeves rolled to the elbow, pointing out the various advantages of the washer.

"It's a demonstration, ma'am," nodded Delia, with a reassuring smile. Then, tiptoeing outside the door, she whispered cautiously, "It's a fine way to get the whole washing done this week, ma'am, the extra things and the family wash; so I sent away the laundry man and saved this week's laundry bill for you."

A wild desire to laugh seized Mrs. Lennox. "But, Delia, won't he expect us to buy it?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," the red head shook decidedly. "They don't sell one out of ten demonstrations, ma'am."

A horrible thought struck Mrs. Lennox. "Delia, the cleaning yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am, another demonstration, ma'am."

Mrs. Lennox fled. Recounting the tale to her husband at the table that evening, she didn't know whether to be pleased or provoked, but Mr. Lennox roared with laughter.

"Delia is an artist in her line," he exclaimed. "I wish she would wave her magic wand and produce some shaving cream for me; I forgot to buy some today."

"Shaving cream, sir?" Delia loomed up in the doorway. "I was just bringing in the dessert and heard you say it. You'll find eight tubes of shaving cream in the bathroom medicine closet, sir, and there's two more I haven't heard from yet."

Their blank faces stared at her.

"Just samples, sir, but there's a ten days' supply in each tube. I always send for samples of everything for any family I work for; it's a kind of demonstration, sir." And she closed the kitchen door.

"Demonstration Delia!" shouted the Len-

(Continued on Page 14)

OUR FLAG

By Henry Kierstead '39

*What does it stand for, the red, white,
and blue?*

*Flag of our country, the flag of the true,
Oh, what does it mean? Oh, why does it
fly?*

*Above our dear country, so proudly and
high?*

*Why do we love it? for what does it stand?
Flag of our heroes, oh, flag of our land!*

*Red is for bravery of heroes of old,
Blood of our martyrs and patriots bold
Shed in the battles that made us all free
In our blessed country from sea to sea.
That's what it stands for, the red, white,
and blue,
Flag of our country, the flag of the true.*

*White is for purity. This be our creed:
Purity of purpose, of word, and of
deed;
White of the stars; there's one for each
state.
Here's to the stars, to the whole forty-
eight.
That's what it stands for, the red, white,
and blue,
Flag of our country, the flag of the true.*

*Blue is for justice; three cheers for the
blue,
Freedom, equality, and liberty, too;
Blue of the star-covered sky up above,
Blue of the flag that we've all learned to
love,
That's what it stands for, the red, white
and blue,
Flag of our country, the flag of the true.*

SPRING SONG

By Alexander Jarvie

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to . . . ?

Roses are red, violets blue,
The morn is bright with early dew.
Spruggs is abed, and if you but knew,
The work his wife is forced to do.

ALAS and alack, poor Spruggs is abed. Spruggs isn't his whole name, of course—it's Lemuel Q. Spruggs ("Q" for quietude, which he likes so much). But it really is a shame to sleep away such a glorious morning.

Mrs. Spruggs—Annie, to you—is already bustling about the kitchen. She got up bright and early, of course. No, not to see the spring-like morn, but to go to work. Lem got her a new job close to home, scrubbing floors in the apartment house. For this she is very happy because the last job was not so easy, carrying ashes out of a cellar on Delancey Avenue. And still Lemuel dozes on.

Suddenly on a branch (of a telegraph pole) outside Lem's tenement house window, a birdie bursts into song—tweet-tweet. Within, Lemmie's own soul breaks forth in an answering stanza—z-z-z-z-z. Woe be unto ye, Scruggs, the spirit of spring has passed ye by!

Will nothing on this earth awake the slumberer so he may view with joy the wonders and beauties of spring time? Something will! The odor of corned beef and cabbage permeates the atmosphere, and Lem comes out "of hiding." Leisurely he drapes his physique with his customary raiment and strolls to the window to view the humdrum life of lower New York. Involuntarily he catches his breath. Annie, who has been watching him, smiles; he has caught the feeling of spring-time. Her loving (?) spouse stampedes for the stairs and thunders to the street below to seize the dime he had observed from above.

With his dime stowed away, Lemuel wan-

ders aimlessly downtown and finally lands himself in the customary chair at Joe's Greasy Spoon Cafe. Here he dozes away his time while Annie labors over the scrubbing of the Roberts and Company offices, a special job procured for her by her better half (much, much better, in his opinion). Just at twilight Spruggs leaves his refuge and meanders homeward. All the way a curious feeling seems somehow to envelope him—it must be spring. Remorse enters his heart; he thinks ruefully of his harsh words to dear, sweet little Annie. Climbing the stairs to his flat, he firmly resolves to do better by the poor woman and, arriving above, he tells her of his manly resolve.

As he leaves the house after supper, he repeats over and over his heroic vow, then and there deciding to buy Annie a present, the first since the bargain store ring he had purchased for their wedding. His chest out, his step firm, he strides manfully to the shop on the corner, fingering the dime found that morning in the beautiful spring sunshine.

Well, you can just imagine—or can't you—Annie's surprise when her pride and joy presents her with the bulky paper package he had obtained by haggling the clerk down from fifteen cents to one thin dime.

Nearly a year has elapsed since Lem made his solemn vow to do better by little Annie than in the past. He's kept his word, too. He has, by diligent persuasion, procured another apartment for her to scrub, nearly doubling her income; and every time Annie kneels to her toil, a soft light comes to her eyes as she views that present from her husband,—a scrub brush, twice as wide as her old one, to quicken her labors. Yes, Lemuel Q. Spruggs has done quite nobly by the little woman.

ONE NIGHT OF LIFE

(on the distaff side)

By Katherine Krone

TO you mothers who believe that 50 or 75 cents per evening is an exorbitantly high price to pay some high school girl to come in and sit with the children while you receive a headache in exchange for a movie, mutilate a pack of cards, or "settle the war" with some dear acquaintance, I dedicate this article—the inside story of staying with children. And for you girls who plan at some time in your young life to take this up as a career, I shall relate some personal experiences. I shall tell you the truth, (would it were possible to tell you the whole truth), and nothing but the truth; nor shall I attempt to exaggerate any particle of the following elucidation. And so for example—

What could be compared to staying after school, rushing upstreet on an errand, dashing home to hear your favorite radio program, being told by your mother that you're wanted at "So and So's" house in less than half an hour to stay with the children, swallowing whole a supper prepared by yourself and therefore fit for a fox-terrier, and later waltzing through the neighbor's side door, thankful that you're only five minutes late. Before you have time to take off your coat or admire the new radio, you hear the pitter-patter of little feet coming from the pantry. Two little people beg for some note-book paper (they're sure Mr. Leahy doesn't mind supplying the neighborhood with chemistry blanks), then search your private pocketbook for two newly sharpened pencils, 'though there are a dozen lying in every chair. (My motto has become "seek before you sit" and you may be sure that's the result of experience, too). One wants your chemistry stencil; the other says he'd be delighted to color Samuel Johnson's picture for you, and he's sure Miss Prediger won't mind if he takes Muzzy's photograph of General Grant (p. 372) for his scrapbook!

Having finally satisfied both cherubs, you withdraw to a corner of the room, select a large, comfortable chair, and begin your long neglected home work. But horror of horrors! your elbow comes in contact with an ash tray stacked high with the remains of a large juicy peach. Your lamentings over the fact that your blue suit is probably ruined are suddenly interrupted by a loud crash coming from the kitchen. You investigate. The little one was only trying to fry an egg for you (truly, how thoughtful of her) and dropped a green glass bowl containing a dozen or more on the kitchen floor. Thank goodness it wasn't the dining room rug! The quotation "Give thy thoughts no tongue" once more proves useful. You rush down cellar in search of a rag, a mop, or, better still,—a coal shovel, only to find your other charge busily engaged in painting the cellar steps for Mother with material left by the painter over a year ago. Lovely, thick, yellow, messy masses! Counting ten is useless. You deem it wise to draw the curtain over the following scene.

With tears in their eyes, they later come back to you and beg forgiveness, which is theirs immediately. What else can you do? Then fingers sticky with jam, peach, and bubble gum give you a big hug, and your jacket a big smudge, while innocent voices tell you they love you (at least for the present). You proceed with malice toward none to read (supposedly to them, but in reality to yourself) Popeye, Alley Oop, Henry, and Popeye, Alley Oop, Henry—and so on indefinitely. You're continually interrupted and asked such questions as, "Does your mother make you finish your glass of milk?" "Has your father showed you how to kick a football yet?" "Do you tie your own shoe strings and wash your face yourself?"

(Continued on Page 22)

TAM O'SHANTER

By Mary Atkinson

WITH a jerk Tam O'Shanter flung off the fondling hand of Officer Johnnie Mason and bounded down the street to Jerry Melton, his youthful master.

"Hello, old fellow. You're not thinking of changing your affections to Officer Mason, are you? You'd better not!" greeted Jerry.

"Oh, I don't think you'll have to worry about that, Jerry. He doesn't care two hoots about anyone but you. Everyone knows that!" exclaimed the officer as Jerry came toward him.

"Well, I don't care about anyone but Tam, so I guess that makes us even."

"Oh, by the way, Jerry, I've noticed that Tam O'Shanter isn't wearing any license. You know the chief's orders about unlicensed dogs. I'd sure hate to see anyone have to shoot Tam. You've still got a few days, though. Better get him a license!"

"I know, I've been worrying about it. But four dollars is a lot of money. My newspapers ain't selling so good, either. It's hard to get money enough to buy something to eat and a place to sleep. I've saved up two dollars and ten cents though. Maybe I can get the rest before the last day."

"Hope you can, Jerry. Wish I could help you out, but my five kids eat up all my salary and then some! So long, kid, see you soon."

"Bye, Mr. Mason."

So with a cheery wave of his hand, Officer Mason left Jerry and Tam O'Shanter.

But he had left Jerry something to worry about. In three days he had to get almost two dollars. Walking along, his head bent against the wind, he thought of his worldly goods. There weren't very many now. Those of any value had found their way to a pawnshop long ago.

"Oh, no—not that!" exclaimed Jerry, unaware that he had spoken aloud. He had

thought of the small, black case hidden under the mattress. It contained an old fashioned gold watch, the only thing he had that had once belonged to his father.

Did Tam O'Shanter mean that much to him? Why, he was only a mongrel pup. He couldn't pawn the watch just for a license for a dog!

Tam must have known that his fate was being decided, for he left his playful tussle with an empty paper bag, and placing his cool nose on Jerry's leg, looked wistfully up at him. Jerry knew then that he couldn't desert his pal even though it cost him the watch.

Two days later Tam was locked in the room, and Jerry was on his way to a pawnshop. Here he received only five dollars for his treasure, but he took the money eagerly.

Returning home, he paused on the Lincoln Bridge and watched the dark waters below. Then after one look at the slip of paper in his hands, he let the ticket drop swiftly from his fingers into the inky waves. Why should he keep a ticket that was absolutely useless? He'd never be able to redeem it.

As Jerry climbed the stairs to his room, he saw Officer Mason leaning nonchalantly against the door, smoking a cigarette.

"Well, I've got a little present for you," exclaimed the officer. "The boys down at the station house chipped in and here's a nice, new license for Tam O'Shanter."

Speechless, Jerry took the proffered gift, noting dumbly as he did so that the number was 162085, the very same number that had been on the pawnticket that he had thrown into the river.

But what did that matter? He had Tam O'Shanter and nobody could take Tam away from him.

WAITING

By Rita Cardin

THE man, standing at the window staring vacantly at the snow, heaved a great sigh. It would be lonely without Jeanne, even lonelier than he dared imagine. For two years now she had been his sole responsibility. Since his other Jeanne had gone, his little daughter had filled his life and now she was going away. His wife had pleaded that their baby be sent to her own beloved homeland, to receive her education, at the same convent where she had been taught as a child. John, distracted at the thought of losing his dear wife, had promised vaguely. Indeed, he would have promised the moon if he thought it would make her a bit more happy. He thought miserably how much he needed the child now. He had always been a quiet man, his world centering about his little family and his work. With only little Jeanne left, he felt that she would have been a great comfort growing up with him. Well, a promise was a promise. His thoughts were interrupted by a light running step just outside the door.

An eager child's voice, shrill with excitement, called, "Father, father, it's time to go to the ship; it's time to go to the ship!"

He forced a smile to his lips and went to the door. He teasingly pulled a dark curl and said gayly, "I must say my little lady is pretty anxious to get away from her father. Aren't you going to miss me?"

The little smiling face suddenly became serious. "Of course, I'm going to be missing you. That's why I want to be getting started so that I can get all studied out and hurry back to you quick."

A swift ride to the station for the child, her father, and nurse, and then, a tearful goodbye. He had brought a new doll in case parting became too hard. As he watched her standing at the ship's railing waving with one hand, her other clutching her new treasure, an overwhelming sadness came to John Cummings.

The years passed and with the time his business grew. His work was an obsession. He had made no new friends, and the old ones had long since ceased to include him in their pleasures, for long and frequent periods of being alone and dreaming of the future had made him a melancholy person and a poor companion for ordinary people who were doing their best to be happy. His hours of leisure therefore, were spent in writing long letters to Jeanne; in making plans for them when her education should finally be completed. Her pictures (there was one every year) showed that she was becoming a lovely, serious-eyed young lady.

At last the time when Jeanne might return came. Her letter said little of future plans but John's head was whirling with a new idea. He would take a much earned vacation and make the voyage across the ocean to meet his daughter. It would be a surprise and what an opportunity to begin to get really acquainted on the home trip!

The whole voyage had been a good one and as John Cummings waited for the ship to dock, he thought happily what a great world it was. Soon the person whom he prized more dearly than anything in the world would be with him. After so many years—there would be no loneliness now.

The rest of his trip was completed and at last he was standing in front of the little group of buildings which had been his daughter's domain for the last ten years. He entered eagerly and with formalities done with, he was seated and waiting for his Jeanne. The door opened, a tall, slender girl entered. Moisture came to his eyes. He had known she would look just like this. She came forward and spoke softly, "Father, dear, how happy I am to see you."

John had expected an excited outburst and this dignified greeting startled him. He rose

THE LIGHTHOUSE

By Shelah O'Connell

*Tall and stately, out on the point
Stands the lighthouse, the sailors' guide.
It keeps the watch throughout the night,
For those afloat on the restless tide.*

*Time means nothing, years go by.
Staunchly it guards while the waves roll
past.
Ever a beacon, a source of hope,
It brings all safe to the port at last.*

and placed an arm gently about the slender form. His voice held more than a hint of a sob as he spoke telling Jeanne excitedly of his plans for the two of them. She listened quietly for a few minutes and then she spoke. "Father, you didn't get my letter?" She hesitated, then went on, "You see, I've grown to love it here and I feel sincerely that my life work is meant to be carried in the convent. I've thought it over carefully. Father, you understand, I couldn't go back happily, though it makes me feel sad to think that my decision may hurt you."

As John listened, the happiness on his face was replaced by a dazed expression. The words he wanted to speak sprang to his lips. Words which would tell this daughter of his how long he'd been alone, how he'd waited for these ten years to pass with only one thought, that at the end he'd have her to share his home and the luxuries which years of hard work had made possible. Instead, he said slowly, with visible effort, "I want you to be happy, Jeanne."

As he walked from the convent, he could not help but think how little he really knew this young girl who had held his happiness in the palm of her small hand. His shoulders stooped, for John Cummings was sad. Certainly, he had been lonely often, but this was a different loneliness. There was no shining goal in the future to which he could look now.

LIFE OF A POTATO CHIP

By Barbara Goodwin

TO me my life has been very interesting. I have been in this world fully a week, which is a remarkably long time.

As you probably all realize, I originated on a fine old Vermont farm. The soil was very fertile, so naturally I grew rapidly into a big, fat, and perfectly delicious looking "eatable." My master threw me into a bushel basket one day along with many of my most intimate friends, and the kind old codger, 'midst a great deal of jostling on our part, safely delivered us to "The Lorraine Bakeshop."

You might say I, my true self, originated from "The Bakeshop", but one can never be sure about such matters. Anyway, I was peeled rather hurriedly and sliced, oh so thin, then dumped rather unceremoniously, it seemed to me, into a huge fryer full of butter fat. After I was done to a fine, crisp brown, I was placed on some brown paper and salted, and salted, and salted.

It seems my friends and I were to be ready that afternoon for a party, where we would be fully appreciated by the guests. Nevertheless, it was my sad, or good fortune,—however you look at it—to be down in the bottom of the heap. So, when most of my fine friends departed, I remained.

For the rest of the day I had a lovely time saying goodbye to the Mr. and Mrs. Muffins and all the little muffins, and to my very finely decorated friends, the Cupcakes. But, toward late afternoon, I began to wonder if I wouldn't ever be bought?—whether my fate would be to lose all my freshness and eventually land in the garbage heap?

Finally, after much trepidation on my part, a woman entered and conversed with the clerk. Then, merciful heavens, I was lifted gently from my haven and now the woman is enjoying me, I hope, for my perfectly scrumptuous flavor as a Potato Chip.

LADY APRIL

By Isabelle Carolyn Sayles

April is a lady,
 Not a lassy nor a lad,
 A lovely, demure lady
 Dressed in Nature's plaid.
 April's soul is merry,
 April's heart is gay,
 Even though her tears may fall
 On many a sunny day.
 Yet they're tears of gladness,
 Of joy in every thing.
 April doesn't always weep;
 April, too, can sing.

MELODRAMA

By Dorothy Shelton

The moon was as bright
 As a huge searchlight,
 And the earth was all wind swept;
 But towards that room,
 As quiet as doom,
 A shadowy figure crept.
 A little dog's bark
 Like a shot in the dark
 Sounded from near the door.
 Our villain cursed,
 And, what is worse,
 Slipped on a rug on the floor.
 As he picked himself up
 He stared at the pup
 And the room seemed to spin in his head;
 But a woman stood there
 Holding a chair
 So he made for the door instead.
 But he never got there
 For she with the chair
 Said "John, what are you doing here?"
 "Just wanted a bite"
 "You got it alright."
 Now please go to bed, will you, dear?"

DEMONSTRATION DELIA

(Continued from Page 8)

noxes together and went off in a gale of merriment.

"And ma'am—," Delia's head reappeared at the door. "You know that expensive Peachbloom Cream your friend, Mrs. Snyder, bought? Well, here's a two weeks' supply that just came this afternoon." Laying the tiny porcelain jar on the table, she vanished.

Another shout from the young couple as Mrs. Lennox delightedly fingered the jar.

"But," exclaimed Mr. Lennox, "what is the matter that she doesn't provide us with groceries?"

The swinging door flew open, and Delia brought in the after-dinner coffee.

"A new kind of coffee, ma'am," she murmured. "It's called 'Sanjoy Coffee,' and I got you a week's supply free; just a demonstration, ma'am, with no obligations to buy if you don't like it."

The laughter this time closely approached hysterics, which in no way disconcerted the imperturbable Delia. Mrs. Lennox wiped her eyes.

"Have you sent for anything else, Delia?" she ventured.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, and they've all come except the two tubes of shaving cream I told you about. There's a box of cake flour, some baking powder, a sample of liver pills, a roll of paper towels, some Christmas seals, a vegetable brush, a window cleaner, two quilt patterns, four new breakfast foods, and a package of writing paper. Just demonstrations, you understand, ma'am,—" Her voice died away in the kitchen.

"Oh! Oh! Ohhh!" The two Lennoxes held their sides helplessly, then sobered apprehensively as the red head reappeared.

"Ma'am, that vacuum cleaner man's coming tomorrow to clean the windows with some new attachment he's dying to demonstrate." She was gone again.

(Continued on Page 21)

ESSAYS IN THE MANNER OF ADDISON

SIR ROGER AT MACY'S

By Dorothy Shelton

MY old friend, Sir Roger, had not been long in New York before he developed a great interest in department stores, and we could scarce pass any great number of them before the old knight would remember something that he wished to purchase for some friend back home.

So it was that when we were passing Macy's Department Store the other day, my old friend suddenly remembered that he wished to send Will Wimble some angora yarn, that his garters would be softer.

The sight of such a fine old gentleman buying yarn brought smiles to the faces of the many ladies near the yarn counter, but Sir Roger with his usual friendliness thought them to be smiles of a salutary nature, so he smiled and bowed to all in sight, the meanwhile remarking to me what friendly people the Americans were.

After purchasing the yarn, we started to make our way toward the street again, but Sir Roger soon became interested in the escalators, so there was nothing but that he should have a try on one of them. Not wishing anything to happen to my old friend, I went with him, and at the top inquired how he had enjoyed it, whereupon he replied that it was all very well for younger folk, but he had fear of not stepping off in time. Therefore our descent to street floor was by elevator, a device that the old knight was greatly fascinated by, and so always had a few purchases to make on an upper floor, that he might ride up and down on the lift.

Near the exit we were stopped by a dapper young salesman, who very politely introduced us to the superb quality of Sweet Pea Perfume, whereupon my old friend bought some, planning upon his return home, to present it to the perverse widow.

SIR ROGER AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

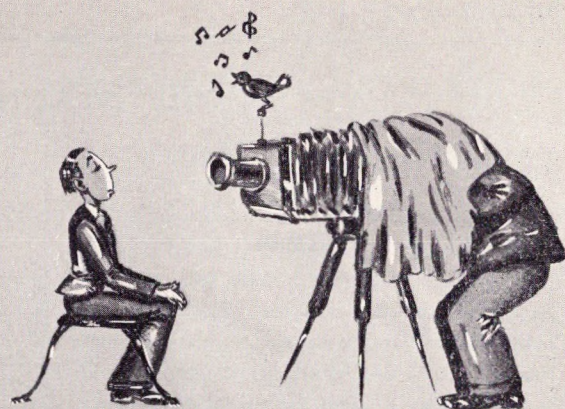
By Doris Vienneau

SEVERAL months ago, when my good friend Sir Roger was last in the city, I had the pleasure of accompanying him to a football game. He had often expressed a desire to witness such a contest, so accordingly I called for the old gentleman early one afternoon so that he might get a seat without being jostled about by the rough and somewhat rude young men and women.

Soon the play began, and after a great deal of what Sir Roger termed "aimless running about," all twenty-two players fell together in a great heap. At this, the good old knight stood up and ordered the players to stop the fighting. Laughter arose from the surrounding crowd, who did not know that the old gentleman, because of his kindly nature, was justly alarmed at seeing the players come together so. It was with great difficulty that I finally persuaded him that it was all part of the game. Whenever any such roughness occurred again during the game, I noticed a look of dismay come over the good knight's benign countenance. This, however, soon vanished when he found that all the players were able to rise to take their positions again. I was secretly delighted to find the old gentleman so concerned about the welfare of all.

The knight was also greatly interested in the cheers and cheerleaders. He said that he could not understand why the crowd took such enjoyment in shouting these meaningless monosyllables that they called cheers, or why the leaders had to undergo such peculiar gymnastics to draw the shouts from the crowd. I was secretly amused at these observations, but I could not help agreeing with the knight somewhat.

Who's Who in P.H.S.



And Why

GLADYS FISH

Because of her position as warden in the Gi-Y, Gladys Fish, or "Fishie" as she is called, should be a very reserved young lady. Actually, she is most charming and friendly. One of the major parts in the Senior Play is hers. If there is anything in the world that she dislikes more than dill pickles, then it must be getting up in the morning. Like almost everyone else, she is partial to dogs—live or otherwise.

ROBERT HILL

"Bob," as he is known by his intimates, seems to have the habit of going in for the bigger things in life.

He is a member of the band and orchestra and literally and figuratively speaking he is all wrapped up in his hobby. He has taken time out to unwind himself from his beloved tuba to take the leading part in the Senior A Play, "A Pair of Sixes."

He also is a racquetteer, having been elected captain of the tennis team for the second time.

POLLY HOPKINS

Permit us to present Miss Polly Hopkins, the leading lady of our forthcoming Senior Play. She has been an active member of the Gi-Y for three years and now holds the vice presidency. Shakespeare and horseradish are her pet antipathies, but she dotes on cream puffs and Fredric March. She writes excellent essays, but admits that this happens only under stress of necessity and not for fun. Perhaps there is no better known girl in the senior class, for our Polly is tops in looks, popularity, and ability.

HAROLD CAYBURRY

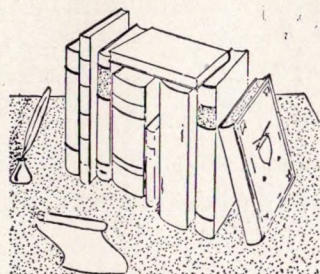
Harold Cayburry, or Tim as he is known to his friends, is Secretary of the Torch Hi-Y and Chairman of the Senior Play Committee. The fact that he is perhaps the best known boy of the school is due to his good nature and wonderful personality. In the athletic field, Tim has shown his ability by being for two years, a valuable member of the track team. His ambition is to go to an airplane school and become a famous pilot.

WILLIAM WALTERS

One of the most popular boys in the class of 1938 is Bill Walters. He was recently elected chairman of the first great venture of his class, the Junior Prom. Of course, he says that this prom will be the biggest and best ever. Bill is active in other lines as well. He was captain of the ski team before he was injured; he is a hockey player, a member of the band and orchestra, and a member of the Senior Hi-Y.

BETTY MITCHELL

Brown Betty is a nickname which certainly suits Betty Mitchell; editor-in-chief of THE STUDENT'S PEN. She has sparkling brown eyes, brown curly hair and numerous dimples which betray her sense of humour. Betty's favorite pastimes are reading, studying English, and swimming. Her pet vice is nibbling dried apricots "to temper a too sweet nature."



Books on Parade

By Edward J. Farrell, Jr.

THE *Hundred Years*, by Philip Guedalla. One hundred years ago next June the world at large heard for the first time of Queen Victoria; and the world we live in is largely the result of that eventful century. In this book Mr. Guedalla describes the moments as they affected the leading units of the Western World, and by his mastery of the English prose makes it a brilliant and impressive narrative.

Mr. Guedalla has constructed a light bridge of narration across the chasm of a hundred years, and the result is an unwinding panorama, in the last scenes of which we are still living.

His method of decimating the century has made the book much easier to read. He takes each decade and writes the important events occurring in the ten years time in Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and the United States with a fair prospectus of the events occurring in America.

The chapter which deals entirely with the Reichstag fire, is alone sufficient to justify the reading of the entire book. It is a full and abundant supply of data and it is all very gay and amusing and instructive.

By virtue of this book Guedalla remains the most brilliant of contemporary shallow historians.

I heartily recommend this book to you because not only is it educational, but because it is one of the most interesting of recent historical volumes.

I Write As I Please, by Walter Duranty. As one would scarcely assume from the title, this is a frank and interesting account of Russia from World War period to the present day. It is not the same type as are most of the books about the Soviet, but an amazing tale of the development of Russia, both political and industrial. Mr. Duranty admits it was a frightful nation to dwell in during the adolescent age of the Soviet Union, but he points out that conditions have changed considerably. Most writers insist on magnifying the modes of punishment which the leaders have used, but Mr. Duranty tells about Russia as it was and as it is today. He shows how the system of governing has proved a benefit to the people and an aid to industry.

If one is at all interested in Russia, this is an excellent opportunity to read the truth.

The books reviewed in this column were obtained through the courtesy of Mrs. Grace K. Stone of England Brothers' Book Department.

SPRING

By Dorothy Shelton

A—fter Winter comes the Spring
P—riceless in the joy it brings
R—ich with showers, grass, and leaves.
I—nto every heart it breathes
L—ove and joy for all of these.

Meet Your Teachers...

Alexander Jarvie

Robert Thompson

MR. EDWARD J. McKENNA

Abode: 101

Topic: English

Great Accomplishment: Securing his Master's Degree

Famous Saying: "I should be treated with dignity."

Present Pastime: Endeavoring to be a past-master in the art of writing notes. Contents—assorted varieties.

MR. MILON J. HERRICK

Abode: 103

Topic: Algebra

Great Accomplishment: His ability to reproduce "Henry," of comic-strip fame.

Famous Saying: Various and sundry statements and questions to this effect—

"Has anyone a suggestion for keeping things clean of chalk dust?"

(McRell suggests windshield wipers).

Present Pastime: Squirring the Senior A Class.

Sub-Pastime: Bewildering his classes by elaborate and meaningless diagrams.

MISS MILDRED JORDAN

Abode: 143

Topic: Geometry

Great Accomplishment: The day she met a student who believed her when she said an angle could not be tri-sected.

Famous Saying: "Who has borrowed that short pencil that was on my desk?" (*for answer see next item).

Present Pastime: Longing for an inexhaustible supply of pencils. Donors are requested to contribute those equipped with erasers!

MISS CATHERINE KENNEDY

Abode: Home Room 102

Topic: French

Great Accomplishment: Her French

Famous Saying: "Quiet! Quiet! If you're not more quiet, I'll have to send you to the office."

Present Pastime: Attempting to assert her mastery over the misguided minds (?) of her frivolous students.

MR. THOMAS F. GEARY

Abode: 106

Topic: Mathematics (assorted varieties)

Great Accomplishment: His ability to get a "rise" out of people; members of the faculty his specialty.

Famous Saying: "Ducky"

Present Pastime: (*see "McKenna" under Present Pastime) Mr. G. also adds his bit to these epistles.

MR. CLARENCE CAREY

Abode: 148

Topic: History

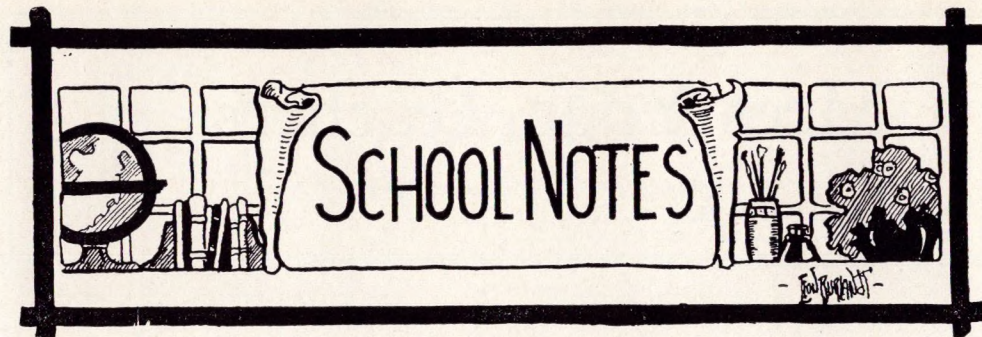
Great Accomplishment: Successfully bribed a pupil to cheer for him in the faculty game.

Mediocre Ditto: His ability to *amble* about the room for hours on end.

Definition—To "amble" is to locomote at a rate of speed midway betwixt a creep and a jog.

Famous Saying: "We'll have the next two numbers for homework." What do you mean by *we*, Mr. C.?

Present Pastime: Securing mental exercise by jumping at conclusions.



Robert Lord, Editor Robert Jacob Marjorie Monroe
Sheila O'Connell

COUNTY DEBATES*

The debates will be over at the time of printing, but as we go to press, the plans are as follows: The affirmative team will debate the formidable Bennington High School, on the subject, "Resolved: That government lotteries should be legalized in the United States." The negative team will travel to Adams and do its best to bring back the laurels. Both teams have been working hard under the supervision of Mr. Edward McKenna and Mr. James McKenna. The teams consist of the following:

Affirmative	Negative
Armand Feigenbaum	Seymour Kolman
Robert Lord	George Merritt
Hugh Toomey	Elliot Weisgarber
Sophia Pomerantz	Jack Duker

*P. H. S. was awarded a unanimous decision in both debates.

STATE GYM MEET

On March 30, the Pittsfield High School gym team competed in a gym meet at Lynn. Although the team was defeated, they made a truly good appearance, Joseph Wall captured a first place, and Thomas Sacchetti, a second place. This is the first time that this school has ever succeeded in winning a first place in any event. Next year Lynn will send her team here to compete with us. This is the beginning of a plan to entertain gym teams in Pittsfield High. It has never been done before, but we hope it succeeds.

COMMITTEES CHOSEN

At a recent meeting of the Senior A Class the following committees were chosen: Cap and Gown Committee, Evelyn Bergstrom, chairman, Ella Scace, Priscilla Bailey, Bertha Kingsley, Ruth Woods, Doris Haskell, Betty Steele, Donald Robbins, Jackson Cook, Victor Walak, Robert Jacob, and John Francheborg; Class Day Committee: Ernest St. John, chairman, John Gilmartin, Ralph Williams, Marion Roberts, Alverse Lear, Eugene Curletti, Robert Scully, Armand Feigenbaum, and George Reder.

JUNIOR PROM

Preparations for the semi-annual Junior Prom are in full swing. The gala festival, which will be presented on May 14 by the Junior A Class, is given in honor of the graduating seniors. Music will be furnished by Bill Dehey and his Merrymakers. Prom chairman Bill Walters has chosen the following sub-chairmen to assist him: Refreshment Committee, Virginia Lehman; Reception and Invitation Committee, Janet Shipton; House Committee, Harvey Holly; Decoration Committee, Gordon Barrett; Ticket Committee, Louis Miller.

GIRLS' GYM EXHIBITION

The annual girls' gym exhibition will be held on Friday evening, April 30. Every year the girls show that they are fully capable of presenting a truly beautiful production. The program for the demonstration is as follows:

1. March Junior Class

2. Indian Dance Sophomore Class
 3. Mimetic Exercises Junior Class
 4. Rope Exercises Junior Class
 5. Group Waltz Sophomore Class
 6. Circle Drill Sophomore Class
 7. Tap Routine Junior Class
 8. Tension and Relaxation Junior Class
 9. Mass Exercises Sophomore Class
 10. Balloon Dance Sophomore Class
 11. Pyramids Junior Class
 12. Strauss Watz Juniors and Seniors
- Finale: Awarding of Letters and Numerals.

WEDDING BELLS

On Tuesday, March 30, Mr. Francis P. Sheridan of the English Department was married to Miss Myldred Milne at St. Mark's Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward Reilly of Grafton, who also celebrated the nuptial mass. Father Reilly was a classmate of the bridegroom at Holy Cross College.

The bride was attended by Miss Janice Hill of this city as maid of honor. Miss Dorothy Rushbrook and Mrs. Jack Meador, also of Pittsfield, were the bridesmaids. Herbert Dolan of Springfield, a cousin of the bridegroom, served as best man, and Donald Milne, the bride's brother, and John E. Joyce, of the English Department, were ushers.

The bride wore a white satin gown with a long train, and a tulle veil, bound with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Miss Hill's gown was hyacinth blue lace, worn with a matching hat. Her flowers were pink roses. Mrs. Meador's gown was turquoise blue lace, and Miss Rushbrook's pale pink lace. They wore matching caps of lace and malines, and carried bouquets of daffodils.

Mrs. Sheridan was a nurse at the House of Mercy. She graduated in 1928 from Pittsfield High School and in 1934 from the Bishop Memorial Training School for Nurses here. Her husband graduated from Holy Cross in 1928, and since 1931 has been a member of the English department at Pittsfield High School.

DEMONSTRATION DELIA

(Continued from Page 14)

"And Mrs. Carruthers—hoped—we'd—enjoy—Delia!" gasped Mrs. Lennox.

Two days later Mrs. Lennox, just entering the house, saw Delia bidding good-bye to the vacuum cleaner man.

"I thought he did the windows yesterday, Delia," she said.

"Yes, ma'am, he did," placidly replied that young person. "Today he gave me a demonstration of how his machine could wax floors. Look at 'em, ma'am." Indeed, they shone like mirrors.

"Has he any other demonstration on tap, Delia?" inquired Mrs. Lennox.

A ghost of a smile appeared on Delia's face as she answered: "He's going to find out, and if there is, ma'am, he'll let me know."

A week passed without undue excitement, and Mrs. Lennox was beginning to think Delia's demonstration had run out when she appeared at the living room door one noon dressed in her best "bib and tucker," suitcase in hand.

"I'm leaving, ma'am."

"Leaving? Why, Delia!"

Delia's head nodded demurely.

"Yes, ma'am; but my young sister is coming in my place, and she'll work the first week for nothing, so you can see if you like her—a kind of demonstration, ma'am. And a new lot of samples just came in: some cigarettes, a dish towel, a book on budgets, some mending tissue, a package of food coloring, and a roll of wall paper."

"But you, Delia," broke in Mrs. Lennox, maintaining self-control with an effort, "aren't you contented here? Don't you like us any more?"

"Oh yes, indeed, ma'am," assured Delia, her red head bobbing vigorously, "but you know that vacuum cleaner man? Well, he offered to give me a demonstration of what kind of a husband he'd make, and I've taken him up on it!"

ONE NIGHT OF LIFE

(Continued from Page 10)

You're delighted to hear they will dry the dishes for you, until startled by the crash of a shattered tea cup, you willingly do the work yourself—no, it's not too much for you; yes, you rather enjoy it. You send them into the other room to play "Beano", but Brother is said to cheat, and Sis doesn't use the same counting system as he. Exasperated, you tell them to fight it out, but so violent becomes their little civil war that you finally settle it to your own satisfaction by trotting them off to bed. Coaxing, teasing, threatening—and they are at last tucked in their little twin beds. With a "God bless everyone" from Adam on down the line, and "Help Kitty to be good", (the impertinence) plus a good night hug and kiss, all is forgiven.

Once downstairs your troubles begin anew—'Sis sings too much; Brother won't give me my doll; You didn't open the window; Well, I'm cold anyway, I want a drink! and they would both like to know if there's any mince pie left gracing the pantry shelf! However, cruel, heartless brute that you are, you insist upon satisfying their "cannibalistic" appetites with a glass of water and a tooth pick.

Silence reigns once more. Lo! The coveted hour has arrived, for both rest in pleasant dreams, and so innocent and sweet are those peaceful sleeping faces that you wonder how you could be cross despite the amateur egg frying and painting jobs.

Anticipating a little rest, you quietly slip into the room across the hall, and fling yourself on the bed, but alas!—your hair becomes entangled with a wad of gum—large enough to supply Napoleon's Army—that some unconscious little hand must have placed there on the headboard the preceding night for safe keeping.

Is it any wonder that you often look forward to an evening of relaxation, just—"sitting with the children?"

—HYPHEN—

By Isabelle C. Sayles

Reprinted from THE STUDENT'S PEN, March, 1936
This Poem Won the Nation Wide Camp Fire Girls' Poetry Contest.

March is the hyphen 'twixt winter and spring,

The bridge between hither and yon.

March is the gate where the wild fairies swing,

Blowing their trumpets at dawn.

March is the promise the crocus fulfills,

The path of the robin's return.

March is the stepping stone over the hills
Where April lies curled in a fern.

ROMANY BLOOD

By Isabelle C. Sayles

Reprinted from THE STUDENT'S PEN, May, 1936
Awarded Honorable Mention in the Nation Wide Camp Fire Girls' Contest. Was Read Over the Radio and Received Praise From Robert Hillyer.

I cannot be a gypsy maid

And rove the live-long day,

And so I try to wrap my thoughts

In gypsy colors gay.

I cannot be a gypsy maid

With naked, twinkling feet.

I cannot dance out in the rain;

It would not be discreet.

I'll never roam with caravans,

Or dream by smouldering fires;

I'll have to stay right here at home

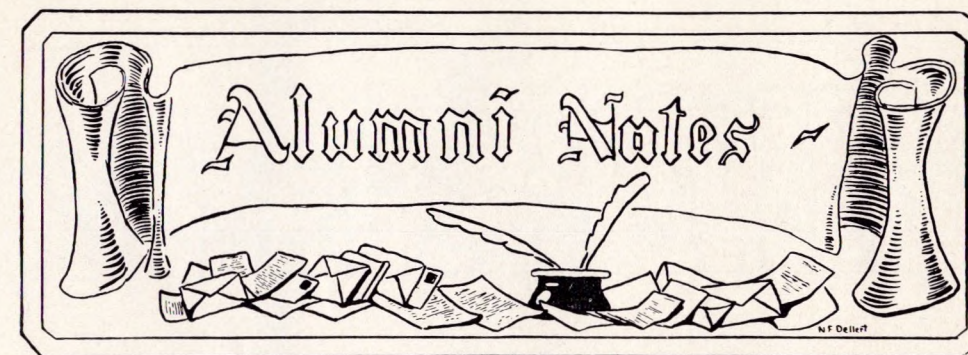
To find my heart's desire.

I cannot wed a gypsy lad

'Twould not be proper—quite,

But I can love the sun by day

And sing to stars at night.



ORCHIDS TO P. H. S.

Elihu Klein '33, senior at Williams College, led his class with a straight A average.

Virginia Stoddard '33, senior at Tufts College, was awarded the Chemistry prize for Women, and is one of the seniors elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Russell Burghardt '33, student at Johns Hopkins University, has received special commendation for his splendid record and the excellent impression he has made. According to a letter from the Dean he is rated as one of the finest students.

Miriam Mirmow '33, senior at Smith College, is one of the students admitted into Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. She has been on the Dean's List continuously throughout her college career.

Henry Beauchemin '34, freshman at the University of Vermont, was named one of the superior fifteen men in the latest Cozins tests. These tests are intended to show general athletic ability.

Ida Lightman '35, sophomore at Brenau College, is on the Dean's List for scholastic standing. She was recently elected to Alpha Delta, national honorary journalism fraternity and Tri-Beta, national biology fraternity.

Dorothy Kolman '35, sophomore at the Women's College of North Carolina University, made the honor roll for the fall semester.

Charles Kline '36, freshman at Princeton, is one of the ten members of his class in the

first group for academic honor roll. This means an average of A in all subjects.

S. Charles Giftos '36, freshman at Williams, has been awarded a scholarship for his second college term.

Virginia Wade '36, freshman at Smith College, received special commendation in history and was placed in an advanced French class.

Louise Hayward '36, freshman at Skidmore, received special commendation for her distinguished work in English.

Helen Gay '36, freshman at Mount Holyoke College, is doing work of extremely high character.

Isadore Pickler: When you sleep in class, your head reminds me of a story.

John McIntire: Sleeping Beauty?

Isadore: No, Sleepy Hollow.

* * * *

Bill Joyce: Didn't you claim when you sold me this car that you would replace anything that broke or was missing?

Auto Dealer: Yes, sir. What is it?

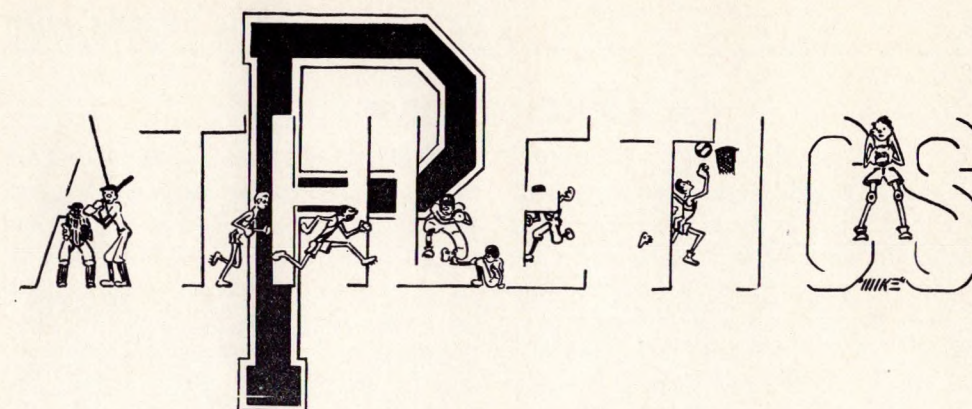
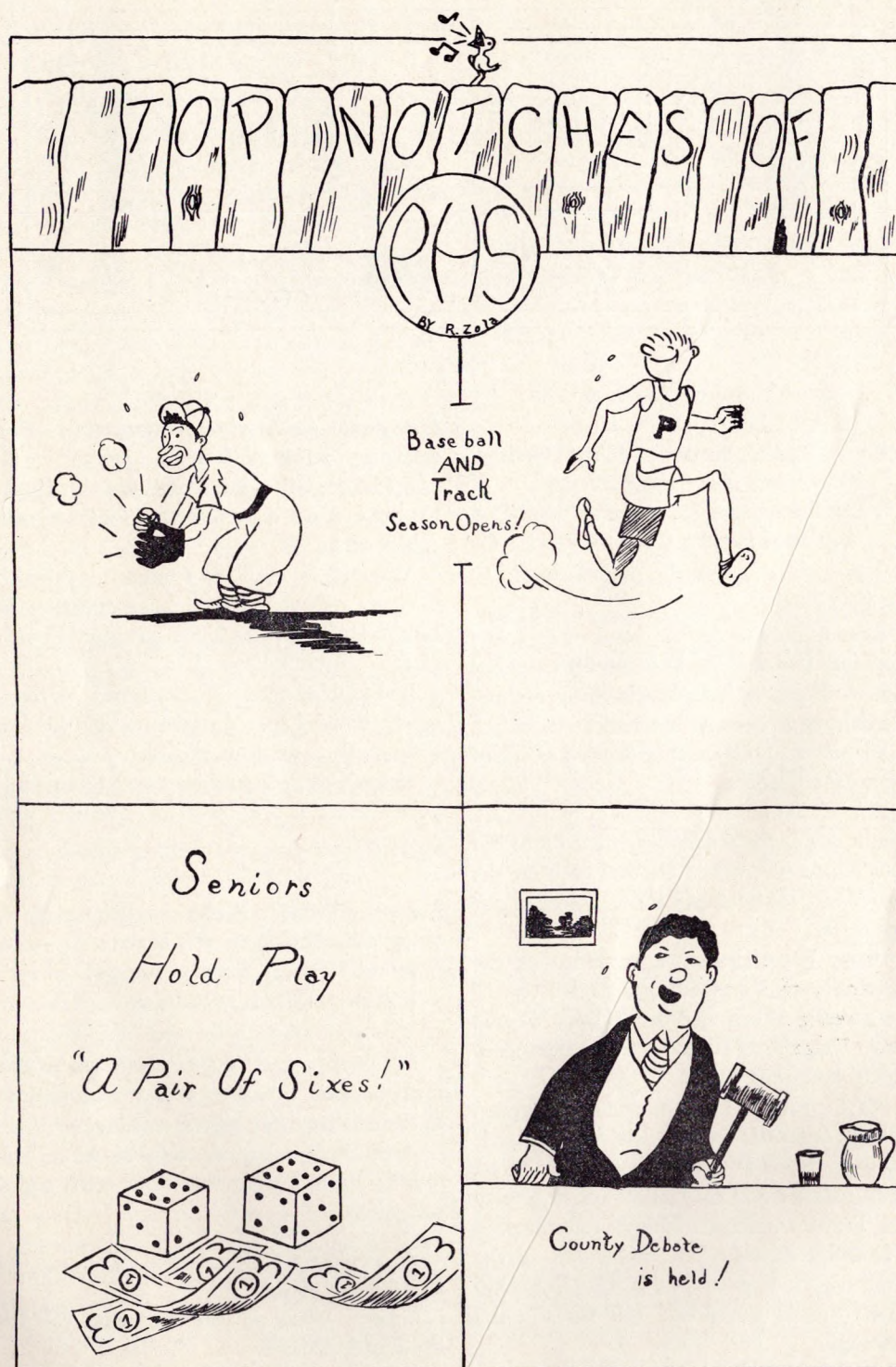
Bill: Well, I want four front teeth and a collar bone.

* * * *

Alice Norton: Officer, can you direct me to the flying squad?

Officer: What do you want with the flying squad, ma'am?

Alice: Oh, I want them to capture my canary. It has escaped.



PLAY BALL Joseph W. Farrell, Jr.

As soon as the snow clears off old Mother Earth, Coach Stewart will issue his call for baseball candidates. The prospects for this year's nine are brighter than they have been in several years and under the capable leadership of Captain Gunnar Hagstrom the team should go far.

The pitching assignments should be well taken care of with "Lefty" O'Connor, Nick Daligin, and Bruce Malcom bearing the brunt of the work. Their battery mate will be Dan Carey with Russon seeing quite a bit of service.

The infield should be very well equipped with boys who have played together for some time. Irv Fenton will probably hold down the initial sack, Captain Hagstrom second base, Pete Calutti, third base; and Joe Deltavio at short. Dickie Malby will probably participate as reserve infielder in several games.

Earl MacHaffie, who made several superb fielding plays last year, will probably get the call for the left field assignment. Alf Lavalley, who was the most used reserve outfielder last year, will be in center field. The sun garden will be the hardest spot to fill. Maybe one of the hard hitting pitchers will be used in this position when not pitching, or a new man may turn up from the long list of recruits.

Of course, these selections are not final as

there are many powerful sophomores to be reckoned with.

With such an aggregation of stars as this and the outlook so bright, the students of this institution should endeavor to make this year a banner year for sports at P. H. S. This will be possible only if we continue to turn out en masse to the baseball games as we have to football and basketball contests.

AGAINST DALTON

In the first quarter of the game with Dalton the Papertown boys hooped an 11-8 lead. It had been larger, but Pittsfield narrowed it down near the end of the period. The Purple and White, with Brown and Quadrozi continuing to drop them in, finished the half, which had seen plenty of fast playing, trailing 17-13. The team, fighting hard to overcome their opponents lead, shot continually; but remained behind 23-19 as the third quarter ended. In the beginning of the fourth quarter Pittsfield came up within one point of tying the score (23-22) and incidentally drew their followers from their seats. Dalton pulled away from them with a steady stream of double counters that ended with a 33-23 score in Dalton's favor.

TRIMMING ST. JOSEPH Robert Moore

On March 12, Pittsfield met St. Joseph's High for the second game of the city cham-

(Continued on Page 29)

GIRLS' SPORTS

SWIMMING

The P. H. S. girls' swimming team suffered many bad breaks in the series of meets this past season. In the first meet, December 18, St. Joseph's beat us 32-14. We feel that this loss was due to the lack of training on the part of some of the new team members. Corinne Duval, who had been ill for some time before the meet, was unable to capture first place, as everyone expected in the breast stroke race. Erica Palme showed up well in the diving by capturing first honors.

In the second meet, the girls fared much better, but still failed to defeat the St. Joseph's team. This meet proved to be much more thrilling than the first, with the score 21-20 in favor of St. Joseph's at the beginning of the last event which was the 200-yard relay. Georgette Stone fell ill and was not able to swim in this event, thus causing quite a change in the order in which the girls were to swim. Mary Shelsey, who was to have swum third, was forced to swim anchor-man (last) and Eleanor Wade, who generally swims breast stroke, had to fill in the place vacated. The girls swam nobly, but the race was won by St. Joe's making the score at the finish 26-20. St. Joe's diver had evidently improved a great deal and surprised every one by taking first place with Erica Palme coming in second.

The third and last meet found the girls lacking two valuable swimmers, who were ill, Corinne Duval (breast stroke) and Priscilla Gaylord (back crawl). This situation forced Georgette Stone (crawl) to swim breast stroke with Eleanor Wade, as a swimmer cannot swim in more than three events, Mary Shelsey had to swim in the medley relay in place of Georgette Stone. Mary Roberts (crawl) took Priscilla Gaylord's place in the back crawl heat with Ann Devanny. Erica Palme took first place in diving with our other diver, Lucille Coty, as second. Although the girls had this situation on hand the score was 22-19 before the final event with P. H. S. in

the lead. Mary Devanney was ill and her place was taken by Eleanor Wade, but once again the girls failed to beat St. Joseph's and the final score was 24-22. As the quota for the victory was 3 out of 5 meets won, this ended the series. Georgette Stone, Mary Shelsey and Eleanor Wade showed their sportsmanship by swimming in three events. The whole team consisted of 10 members namely, Capt. Eleanor Wade, breast stroke; Corinne Duval, breast stroke; Georgette Stone, crawl; Mary Shelsey, crawl; Mary Devanney, crawl; Mary Roberts, crawl; Priscilla Gaylord, back crawl; Ann Devanney, back crawl; Erica Palme, diver; and Lucille Coty, diver. We hope the girls can trim St. Joseph's team next year.

THE EXHIBITION

This year the girls' exhibition is to be held in the gymnasium on Friday, April 30. There are 614 girls taking part, and one number will be presented by the Shawn Dancing Class costume. The exhibition is being directed by Miss Ward and Miss McLaughlin, who are expending every effort to make this a success.

BASKETBALL

Since January many girls have been training in basketball. At first the tournaments were conducted among teams from the individual classes, and then the intramural games were played. Of course, the seniors won, for they have had three years of practice, besides having some excellent players on their team.

BOWLING

Bowling has been going on for the past twelve weeks. This time has more or less been devoted to practicing, but recently the finals were held, and the girl having the highest average won her letter. Those placing second and third received their numerals. The winners, in order of their rank, are Mary Popp '39, Edna Brown '38, and Eleanor Sitzman, '39.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

By Sophia Pomerantz

McKENNA TELLS A GOODWIN

JIMMY KELLY felt somber and forlorn, for it was CURTAIN that he had not a friend in the world. His chums had forsaken him at a moment when he was DOWNS and out. It was just a week before the Junior Prom, but he had no car. This was an opportunity by which he GOODWIN Marilyn MURPHY's favor. She was BEAHAN awfully nice to him lately, yet he couldn't expect her to accept an invitation to the dance without proper conveyance. Even those fellows who did not anticipate attending the gala affair hadn't offered poor Jimmy the use of their automobiles.

The memory of the last ride in Dad's FORD still possessed the POWER to send tiny shivers along his spinal column.

Jimmy had been driving smoothly toward the wide open spaces of the country, when all of a sudden the RHOADES had folded up before him, and he had precipitated into some HODGES. There the auto had LEAHYed with two seemingly irreparable fenders. HERRICK had happened, he could not understand. He wondered whether the GEARYs could have been out of order. When the vehicle had been towed home, Dad KELLY'S eyes had BULGERed almost from his head. The man had looked at Jimmy as though his utmost desire was to KALIHIM. Never before had the boy beheld his father so RILEYed.

DALY Jimmy had endured the smart of his misdemeanor until he felt that he MUSGROVE into his hitherto neglected homework for peaceful oblivion. In addition, his former chums were BEAHN unnecessarily MEEHAN. He could have LYNCHed the whole lot of them! The entire situation was MADDENing!

ENRIGHT that evening when our pathetic victim of such dire circumstances was convinced that the whole world was "full of MALONEY", something happened which made a McLAUGHLIN of him once more.

Mr. KELLY had secured a renewal of his contract with the JORDAN PREDIGER Meat Company, his best customers, and therefore was in a spirit of reJOYCEing. DENISON sauntered into the room, haggard and drooping.

"There must be something INNIS," thought Dad, as he observed his seedy offspring.

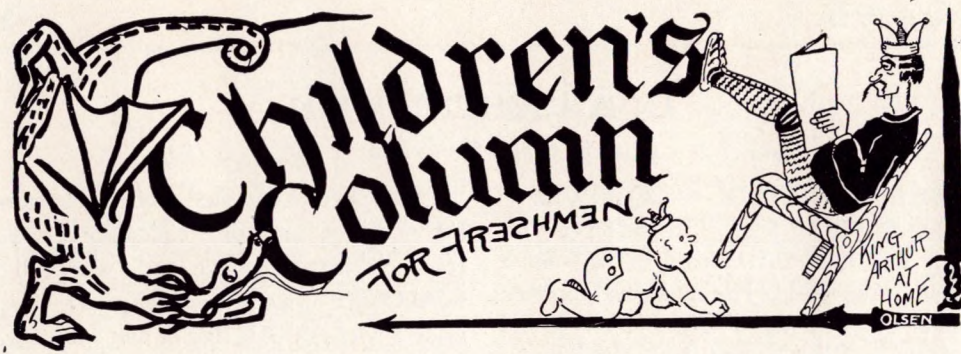
Taking a five dollar bill from his pocket, he inquired, "Would a PFEIFFER help you, Son?"

This NEWTON of voice startled Jimmy! He looked up at his father in CASEY he was teasing him, but was soon convinced that Dad was genuinely in a good humor. This assertion filled him with new VIGER, so he ventured to beg a second try at the battered FORD.

"Dad, couldya—wouldya LET—MIL borrow the FORD Friday? I'd sorta-kinda like to take Marilyn MURPHY to the Junior Prom," Jimmy stammered timidly.

"Murray, for you, my son! I wondered when you'd REAGAN your nerve to ask for the old jitney again." Kelly slapped his son on the shoulder. "I CON-LIND you the car if you promise to drive it with great CAREY."

Friday evening found an immaculately groomed young man in the MURPHY's parlor. In one of HAYES hands was a bouquet of HOLLYhocks and in the other a box of CARMELS.



Do you recall those twins of jovial joking, Ant Kitty and Uncle Len? We feel that their works should not be forgotten but committed to posterity (or to the waste basket, as you prefer). To this end, we have secured the services of a near relative of this pair to do his bit in carrying on the great tradition begun by his in-laws. May we present—your Cousin Oscar!!!

—The Editors

greeting, reeders! this is oscar who is to be your guiding lite to downfall for some time to come (if he can hold his job). for my first venture, i will present a few choyse storyes from the annuls of old age. if you've heard them before, don't mind, for all things ripen with time (these have reached and passed that stage—therefore—)

ssssssssss

Servant (to lion tamer in the cage)—“That grocer is here again trying to collect his bill.”
Lion tamer—“Send him in.”

ssssssssss

A weazened little man applied for a job loading a ship. At first they said he was too small, but finally they gave him a trial. He seemed to be making good, so they gradually increased his load until he was carrying a 300-pound anvil under each arm. When he was halfway across the gang-plank it broke and Pat fell in. With a great splashing and sputtering he came to the surface.

“T’row me a rope!” he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.

“T’row me a rope!” he shouted again. Once more he sank, but rose struggling.

“Say!” he sputtered angrily, “if one uv you nitwits don’t hurry and t’row me a rope, I’m going to drop one ov these things!”

ssssssssss

The new student had been at Penn for a week now. The fellow really was a bit queer, but his fellow students let that pass. He seemed to be walking in a daze. It was at an athletic rally that he first showed signs of life. When the cheer leaders called for a short Penn cheer, his eyes nearly popped from their sockets in amazement. The student next to him heard him ejaculate hoarsely: “My gracious! Isn’t this Princeton?”

ssssssssss

Hats off to the lad on the golf course who struck a new high in sang froid recently. He was teeing off at the first hole, with about three foursomes waiting for him. At the first stroke, impelled by a world of power, he missed the ball entirely. Once more he got into position and again missed the ball. This happened four times. The waiting crowd was by now rather embarrassed, but not so the chap with the club. With an engaging smile he turned on them all. “Tough course,” he remarked.

ssssssssss

A mechanics teacher was explaining a certain piece of apparatus. Seizing the handle, he instructed his pupils to observe that the machine was turned by a crank. And then he marvelled greatly at the titters heard throughout the classroom.

One of the new recruits was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary National Guard drill when he inadvertently passed by the Captain without saluting.

“Say, Buddy,” said the Captain, with characteristic sweetness, “do you see the uniform I’m wearing?”

“Yeah,” said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain’s almost immaculate uniform, “look at the dirty thing they gave me.”

ssssssssss

Said the inspector in a naturalization test: “My good man, don’t you know the King’s English?”

“Sure,” shot back the undismayed applicant, “and so is the Queen.”

ssssssssss

A college man was found wearing a toothbrush on his lapel.

Stranger—“What’s this?”

Rah-Rah Boy—“It’s my class pin; I go to Colgate.”

ssssssssss

to continue a well known custom begun by my famous (?) relatives, may i interpret for your displeasure the meening of the ten ss’s between the so-called jokes:

Sappy Sophs and Seniors Show Such Stupidity in Sopping up Such Scandalous Statements.

disrespectfully yours,

cousin oscar

LESLIE IS NAMED PITTSFIELD CAPTAIN

Steward Leslie, a member of the junior class, has been elected captain of the basketball team at Pittsfield High next season. Leslie, a member of the junior varsity this year, saw some service on the varsity and is expected to be one of the mainstays on the club next year. Lester Brown, tall center, was the only other candidate receiving votes. Brown saw more service on the team the past season than did Leslie.

Boys who received basketball letters at

Pittsfield High were Buddy Evans, who captained the team until graduation in January; Dan Carey, his successor as captain; Lester Brown, Peter Calutti, Gunnar Hagstrom, Roderic Jones, Leslie, Albert O’Connor, Thomas Pytko, Samuel Quadrozi, James Scullary, graduated in January; James Sharkey, Robert Brower and Ralph Levine, manager, Hagstrom, Carey and Quadrozi are seniors. Coach Stewart lost many players by graduation a year ago and he will have to build almost an entirely new team next season.

TRIMMING ST. JOSEPH

(Continued from Page 25)

pionship. With the ensuing victory Pittsfield clinched the championship.

The parochial school garnered the first two points, but thereafter was behind. Two baskets by Hagstrom and one by Quadrozi ended the low-scoring period 6-4, another goal by St. Joe being added. St. Joe tied the score at the beginning of the second session, but four points by Hagstrom, two by Carey and one by Quadrozi brought the score up to 13-7 as St. Joe sank a foul shot near the end of the period. St. Joe got busy and dropped two floor goals before Les Brown could sink a foul shot for us. Another St. Joe floor goal followed by another by Brown left the score 16-13 at the quarter. Leslie caged a foul shot in the beginning of the fourth period and then St. Joe dropped two foul shots to make the score 17-15 going into the last few seconds. A shot from the middle tied the score, and the two teams entered into a breath-taking overtime. However, a floor goal by Quadrozi and Hagstrom ended the tilt 21-20 after St. Joe had failed in its attempt to tie the score.

Draper— These are especially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry.

Madam—I know that kind. I had some that came back with their sides split.

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*A Message to the Students
of Pittsfield High School*

QUESTION: "What is the 'People's Forum'?"

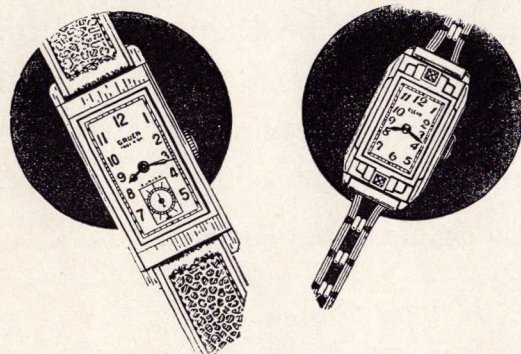
ANSWER: The "People's Forum" is one of the most popular features conducted on the editorial page of the Eagle in which all letters pertaining to international, national and local problems are published. The Eagle welcomes letters by all undergraduates expressing their opinions on what is going on in the world today. Why not spend your spare time by writing a letter on current themes?

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